

# *THE MAROON*

*FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVEN*

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# THE MAROON

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*Volume IV*

*Tacoma, Washington, February, 1907*

*No. 5*

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## *Uncle Bob's Education.*

ROBERT ERSKINE sank into his great Morris chair, put his feet upon his desk and sighed comfortably. He could afford to sigh, for he knew perfectly well that he had nothing to sigh about. His luxuriously furnished bachelor apartments bore witness to the fact that there were no financial straits to bother him; his mirror (for being a man he occasionally looked into one), told him that he was—well, perhaps, more than passably good-looking; he had the day before won an important case; and, last, but far from least, he had just eaten a good dinner. He had the whole afternoon before him and settled down to enjoy his papers and magazines in peace and quiet, feeling well satisfied with life.

Suddenly there was a swish of skirts in the corridor, then a little rat-tat on the wall, and the door was pushed open, admitting Robert Erskine's young sister-in-law, a cheery, wholesome-looking little woman, preceded by her four-year-old son.

"Good afternoon, Bob; isn't it a beautiful day? It's so nice that I'm

going shopping, and would you mind keeping Billy while I'm gone? I know he'll be good; he always is. Won't you be good for Uncle Bob, pet?"

"Yes, mudder," answered Billy dutifully, if somewhat absently, for he was deeply engaged in unscrewing the top from his uncle's ink-stank.

"Till five o'clock," groaned Uncle Bob. "Er—that is, of course I'll be delighted. Don't see much of children, you know, but it ought to be part of a man's education."

Mrs. Erskine smiled, but only said: "Thank you so much. I knew you'd do it. Good-bye. I'll be back promptly at five," and having twitched off Billy's cap, mittens and small overcoat, kissed him repeatedly and left final admonitions to be a good boy she was gone.

Billy's father and mother (Uncle Bob always thought of them in that way, as he did of the two keepers in charge of the elephant at the circus) had but recently moved to that city, so Uncle Bob was as yet unacquainted with the joys of unclehood. So he

sighed in good earnest that time, and turned to look for Billy. He found that young person regarding him solemnly. Uncle Bob fidgeted nervously with the article on his desk, shrinking under that steady gaze and wondering uneasily what he ought to talk about; something ennobling, children were so easily led, they should be trained when young.

"Uncle Bob," broke in Billy, "does you shave every day?" To this somewhat abrupt question Uncle Bob could only respond with a weak affirmative. "Cause," continued Billy, "my cousin Jim said that if I put vaseline on it, it would grow, and once I used Daddy's razor, but there wasn't nothin' there. Does you put vaseline on yours, Uncle Bob?"

"No," emphatically.

"Well, but why?"

"Oh! I don't know. Don't want to."

"Well, but why? They'd grow long then."

"I don't want them long."

"Why don't you want them long, Uncle Bob?"

"That'll do, young man. Now suppose you look out of the window for a while," said Uncle Bob in despair.

"All right." And Billy obligingly proceeded to flatten his little snub nose against the pane. He amused himself for a while by breathing upon the glass till it was nice and steamy, and then drawing pictures on it with a grimy forefinger. Then he put his hand flat on the pane and moved it slowly and meditatively up and down, and the glass shrieked and

groaned most delightfully, until poor Uncle Bob's spinal column cried out in agonized protest.

"Billy," he demanded sternly, "does your mamma let you get the window all dirty at home? Now tell the truth."

"Oh, no, Uncle Bob," said Billy earnestly, "not in our house, but this is your house, and she never said nothing about that. Honest, she didn't." The frankness of Billy's eyes completely disarmed Uncle Bob, and he subsided into his chair. Soon he pulled out his watch. "Three o'clock," he groaned, "and she said she'd be back at five. Five! Catch a woman knowing anything about the time when she's shopping. Well, he's quit now, so I'll read a while." And the poor deluded man picked up a magazine, not knowing from sad experience, as Billy's mother probably did, that those long silences meant mischief. He speedily became engrossed in the accounts of foreign shipping, and read on, entirely forgetful of his nephew, until a slight stir made him start violently, and he looked around to behold a sight that almost froze his tidy soul. Billy had found his uncle's cravats and was tying them all together, end to end, too absorbed in his task to notice Uncle Bob's horrified gasp.

"Billy Erskine, what are you doing? Come here this minute."

Billy hurriedly came and stood by his uncle's knee. "Why, I was j-just making a nice jumping rope. Oh! I want my mudder, I do." He finished with a big tear rolling down one chubby cheek, and his lips quivering.



Uncle Bob, soft-hearted after all, yearned to comfort the little lad, but didn't know how.

"Poor little chap; I was too hard with him. There, there, don't cry, Billy, that's all right," and he tried awkwardly to wipe off the tear. Billy gulped manfully two or three times, and then said bravely, "O, I don't cry. I'm a man. Only girls cry."

"Plucky, anyway," thought Uncle Bob, and then in some dark, long unused corner of his brain he remembered how his uncle used to tell him stories when he felt badly. "Don't know what I can say, but I'll make a try at it. Don't you want me to tell you a story?" he said aloud.

"Yes, please," said Billy, still looking very subdued.

"Well, once upon a time—" Billy sighed contentedly; his daddy's stories always began with "once on a time."

"Oh! but can't I sit in your lap? I always sit in daddy's lap." Uncle Bob consented and in rather an embarrassed way lifted Billy to his knee. He didn't remember ever having held a child there before, and hardly knew what to do with him. But Billy evidently felt at home, and snuggled down comfortably.

"Once upon time," began Uncle Bob again, "there was a—a—well a big fish," he finished with a desperate grab at the first thing that came into his head, and remembering the excellent baked salmon he had just eaten for dinner.

"Oh! once I caught a fish, Uncle Bob, and it was as big as me, and —"

"Billy, you mustn't interrupt," reproved Uncle Bob, not knowing that to a child half the joy of a story is in the interruptions.

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"Interrupt?"

"That means that you mustn't talk and bother me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Billy, meekly.

"Well," continued Uncle Bob, "this big fish was very beautiful. Its scales all shone like gold—"

"I've got a gold dollar," broke in Billy excitedly.

"Billy!"

"Oh, I forgot. I won't do it any more."

"It's tail was of all colors of the rainbow," proceeded Uncle Bob, extravagantly, "and altogether it was so handsome that all the other fishes in the pond decided to crown it king. So they all got up bright and early and cooked a good breakfast—" Here Billy looked up inquiringly, but remembered in time and clapped his hand over his mouth.

"When they had eaten their breakfast, all the little minnows sat in a row on the bank, with their tails turned up neatly behind them, and sang."

"What did they sing, Uncle Bob?"

"I don't know. 'God Save the King' I guess."

"I know how to sing. I can sing 'I want to be a nangel.' Shall I sing it now?" and without waiting for an answer, Billy slid to the floor and gravely sang "I want to be a nangel an' with the nangel stan', a crown



upon my forehead, a harp within my han'." Only I wouldn't really want to be a nangel. Nangels wear dresses," contemptuously, "just like girls. I haven't worn dresses for years 'n' years. There's one lives in the house next to our house, an' I kiss her. Do you kiss girls?"

"Saints preserve us!" ejaculated the startled Uncle Bob. "Billy, I told you not to interrupt. Don't you want me to tell that story?"

"Why, yes," said Billy surprised, as he scrambled back to his uncle's knee.

"Then all the bigger fishes sat in a row behind the minnows, and the king sat in the middle of the lake."

"What did he sit on?" asked Billy, as one athirst for truth.

"He sat on a board," impressively. "It was a board from a political platform, and it was a silver board." Uncle Bob was letting his long unused fancy go on a wild gallop, and thought complacently, "That wasn't so bad. Quite a bright touch that. The politicians had found that that board wasn't worth anything, so they had to throw it away and get a wooden board and write 'Free Trade' on it, and use that instead. Queer. The Democrats might have seen that free silver was not what the country needed. Now, if they'd taken up some of the more vital questions of the day, for instance—"

"O dear, I wish my mudder would come," said a small tired voice that brought Uncle Bob back to his surroundings with a "Bless my soul, I forgot all about you," and he proceeded hurriedly. "Well, the king

sat on a board and they crowned him with a gold crown."

"Does God wear a gold crown?" asked Billy, his interest reviving.

"I don't know, child."

"My mudder says," continued he, "that God is everywhere. Is He under the water? He couldn't breathe down there, could He?"

"You'll have to ask your mamma," said Uncle Bob, somewhat taken aback by this theology. "After they had crowned him," he proceeded hastily, hoping to forestall any more questions, "then they all promised to obey him. For a while everything was all right, but by and by there was one little fish who wouldn't mind his mamma when she told him not to go and play outside of the pond, but he would go, even though he found it hard to breathe. And so finally his mamma took him to the king, and the king told him that all good children should do just as their papas and mammas said, and never run away or play with naughty children. He said that good little boys are always happier than bad little boys. You should always remember this, Billy," said Uncle Bob, in a very moral tone as he looked down to see if his nephew was sufficiently impressed.

"Why, he's asleep! Too bad now that he couldn't keep awake just as I was telling him something to do him some good. Well, I'll let him sleep."

Uncle Bob tried to read, but somehow that warm, soft little body snuggled down in his arms distracted his attention, and soon he laid down his magazine and looked long and cur-



iously at the rosy little face pressed against his shoulder. He touched the soft damp curls cautiously with one finger, and finally even stroked the soft cheek. It must be that his nephew was a very exceptional child, he had never felt that way before about children. Yes, that must be it, of course, his brother's child would be exceptional, the Erskine blood ran in his veins. Really a bright little chap, could ask questions that he couldn't answer. He really must take more interest in the little fellow, if only for his brother's sake.

The door opened softly and Billy's mother came into the room, and smiled wisely at the little tableau. Uncle Bob hastily pulled out his watch. "Why so it is five o'clock."

Billy awoke and shouted joyfully,

as he half strangled his mother. "Oh, here's my own dear mudder. Now I can go home. Oh, goody, goody!"

"Ungrateful little beggar," thought Uncle Bob, but he somehow felt reluctant to see the small cap and overcoat go on again. He watched Billy's mother with a good deal more of respect for her, since she evidently managed to live with Billy all day, and answer all his questions besides. When Billy announced his intention of coming again soon to hear the rest of the story Uncle Bob assented readily, but as the door closed behind his visitor, and he put his feet up on his desk, all he vouchsafed to his listening pipe was "Well, children aren't so bad, after all."

"TOOKEY."

---

## *A Night of Agony.*

**W**ITHOUT going into too many details, suffice it to say that there were six boys concerned. We had been invited by some friends to spend a few days at their summer camp on Raft Island. The boat did not arrive at the camp until after it was too dark to see to put up the big tent, and as a consequence we were told that we could sleep in the barn. Furthermore, it was discovered that only three of the boys had brought blankets. Consternation reigned supreme, for the camp was situated on a cold, cold island, and to be without blankets meant to

just naturally freeze to death—almost.

There was nothing for it but to go to the barn. Arrived there, you may imagine our surprise and horror on discovering the existing conditions. Now, as I stated before, there were six of us—each being fully six feet in height. By simple mathematical calculation it can be found that six persons, each six feet long, will occupy approximately thirty-six square feet of space when just comfortably close together. By accurate measurement we found that barn—I call it such out of respect for the owner—

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would do likewise, and so on down the list. There were enough stories told and songs sung that night to fill an ordinary city library. I shudder to think of what the night would have been had the crowd been a profane one.

And thus, with song and story the night wore on, and so did we. At last the first gray streak of dawn appeared, and with its coming we arose, stiff, sore and wounded—you may guess by what. The night time had passed, but the "night of agony" was produced far into the day, for our clothes were one mass of thistles, hayseeds, fern leaves and a thousand other things. Each took pity on the other and helped in the removal of these impediments. And the insurance companies, hearing of our ordeal and knowing that to pass through and live was to have strong and healthy bodies, offered us the cheapest rates of insurance they had ever given to living man.

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### *Revival of Learning in the Orient*

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#### *And the World's Christian Student Federation.*

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For many years the civilized world has been waiting for an awakening in the Orient. In 1868 Japan answered this expectation and since that time has developed so rapidly that today she holds the position of "leader" in the Orient. Her recent victory in the war with Russia has added materially to this position. Korea is catching the spirit of these people and has made wonderful progress in the last twenty years. In looking for the causes for Japan's wonderful progress we may discover many things; but first among them is the fact that she has and is utilizing western knowledge. Universities are

being established in Japan after the plan of American schools. Other nations of Asia are recognizing this and are now looking to Japan instead of America for western knowledge, and the surprising thing is not that Nippon is the leader of China, Corea and the Orient, but that she is able to be.

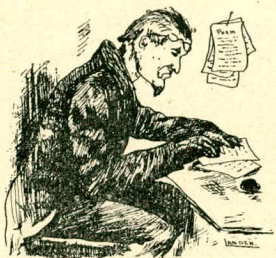
The great Viceroy of China, after carefully studying the possibilities of that nation, came to the conclusion that, if China would ever again claim rank among the leading nations of the world, she also must lay hold of western knowledge. So forceful have been his arguments in favor of the step that today sixteen thousand students are studying in Japan, not to be able to know the twenty-one points of the body, which if injured will cause death, but that they may understand medical science as it is taught in our own universities in America.

We can understand in some little measure the mission Japan is thus performing, when we know that not ten per cent of these Chinese students could come to America to learn, and that only a limited number of her own students would have this privilege.

So significant have these facts seemed to the Christian world and especially to the Christian students of the world that next April the World's Christian Student Federation will hold a convention in Tokio, Japan. They hope at this time to influence for Christ in a marvelous degree the entire Chinese empire by thus reaching those who will be the leaders of that empire in the next generation. Never before have opportunities thus presented themselves. The most effective missionary agency is the student, and if the leaders in politics and education are Christian men China must soon turn from Buddha and Confucius to Christ.

C. C. N.





# EDITORIAL

## THE MAROON

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A few months ago in a speech on college athletics, President Eliot, of Harvard, denounced basket ball because it gave too great an opportunity for dishonesty. While this is a startling accusation, especially when coming from a man of such high

standing, yet few of those who have actually played the game are willing to admit that it is a sufficient reason to warrant its discontinuance. In his criticism the worthy president is speaking from the view-point of an outsider who has never taken active part in the game, and evidently believes that of necessity a basket ball player is dishonest—an accusation that every player will vigorously deny. It is an undoubted fact that business abounds in opportunities for dishonest conduct, yet no one would condemn men for entering business nor wish to see it cease. Wherever there is an opportunity for dishonesty there is an equal opportunity for honesty. It is the storm that makes the oak strong, and if a man can resist the temptations in basket ball he will be the better equipped to resist them in the graver battles of life.

There is, however, altogether too much truth in President Eliot's charge. The temptation is always strong to be as dishonest as the referee will allow. This is particularly true when your opponent is unfair. Men that are usually honest often yield to the temptation to repay dishonest players in their own coin. There surely can be little difference between the man who holds



in basket ball because his opponent is holding and the man who cheats because his business rival is cheating. The same excuse is given in each case, namely, that it must be done in self-defense.

It is a commonly accepted theory that habits formed in college stick through life. If this is the case, it is a grave danger that so many of our college young people are forming lasting habits of dishonesty. On the other hand, however, if a man has nerve enough to resist the temptation and to play fair, regardless of his opponent's tactics or the referee's

strictness, he will be the stronger for life's contest because of it.

The January Maroon was gotten out entirely under the direction of the associate editor. The editor feels highly complimented to have such a valuable assistant.

The March Maroon will be the annual Gearhart number. Don't miss it.

Mr. Earl V. Sheaf '06, our former business manager, is preparing some very interesting alumni notes to appear in an early issue.



## SOCIETY

### Y. M. C. A.

During the past month the work of the Y. W. C. A. has been carried on in the usual helpful manner. The regular Tuesday noon meetings have been held and every girl who has attended them has been strengthened for her daily duties and urged on to higher ideals. Near the first of the month Miss Carrie Barge, national secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church, led one of our meetings. She spoke first of the joy in a life of

service and so inspiringly did she talk that every girl determined from that time on to live less for herself and more for others. In closing she spoke of her missionary work, of the needs in our own land, and of the opportunities for a consecrated woman to do great good right here at home. Many good thoughts to be cherished and put to a practical use by and by were carried away with the girls.

Another good meeting of the month was the early morning service on the



Day of Prayer. This was held in our own cozy room up near the sky, and as the girls gathered and seated themselves on cushions on the floor there was manifested the kindly feeling and spirit of common interest found at no other time within college walls. After a prayer and praise service led by our president, Miss Cotter, Miss Brown, assistant pastor of the First church, talked with the girls and explained away many doubts and difficulties that perplex and hinder earnest but young Christians. All were very grateful to Miss Brown, and we anticipate great good from the personal workers' class which she is to lead this term.

The annual election of officers of the association was held January 25th. Miss Ina Landen was elected president, Miss Leola Barrett vice president, Miss Ethel Cotter secretary, and Miss Alta Hathaway, who served so faithfully during last year, was again elected treasurer.

With such competent officers the association is in good condition to do more than it has ever done. It extends to every new girl who enters this term a very cordial welcome and asks that we may all be one in good fellowship and ready to bear each other's burdens.

#### H. C. S. NOTES.

Like Kurapatkin, the H. C. S. is able to report that it has met the enemy and retreated in good order. We wish to most heartily congratulate the Philos on their victory and on the splendid showing made by their representatives. The debate

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*Two Entrances*

was close and at no time previous to the decision, which was by vote of two to one, was it safe to say which side would win. There is no disgrace in honorable defeat, and we are as proud of our team as we were when they were victorious. The debate was without a doubt the hardest in which the H. C. S. has taken part and showed better preparation than ever before. The team was well prepared, had the arguments well in hand, and presented them in a clear-cut and forceful manner.

Another thing that we feel proud of was the way in which the society took defeat. If one had tried to re-termine from the cheering which side was victorious, he would certainly have found it a difficult task. The H. C. S. enjoys victory but is magnanimous enough to see that there is no disgrace in honest defeat. After making the chapel resound with the good old yells the debaters and about a dozen other members of the H. C. S. and the B. L. S. went down town and enjoyed the jolliest of oyster suppers.

Instead of being discouraged the society feels that it is greatly strengthened. It is often possible to learn more from a defeat than it is from a victory, and the H. C. S. is determined that this shall be true in this case. The work of the society is growing stronger and by another year we promise that we will at least make our rivals work harder than ever before if they wish to defeat us.

While we are proud of the entire debating team, we feel particularly proud of Mr. Warren Cuddy, who

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was given first place on the college debating team, where we are sure he will be an honor to his society and to the school.

H. C. S. See! See!

H. C. S. We! We!

H. C. S. Rah! Rah!

#### BOYER NOTES.

The Boyers held their semi-annual election Thursday, January 17th, and the following officers were elected: Miss Alta Hathaway, president; Miss Ada Hooton, vice president; Miss Frances Frame, secretary; Miss Ethel Ewing, treasurer; Miss Helen Grumbling, sergeant-at-arms; Miss Bessie Daws, chaplain; Miss Lillian Chulow, society reporter; Mrs. Adams, critic.

The work of the retiring officers has been very efficient. They have all tried to raise the standing of old Boyer and we are reconciled to their withdrawal only because we know there is a force of workers coming in who will also work for the up-building of our society.

Miss Esther Hatch, one of our honorary members, visited our society last week.

#### PHILOMATHEAN.

Success in the inter-society debate and two men members of the college debating team! This is the record with which Philo starts out the new year.

Rarely has our college chapel been the scene of an intellectual contest of so high an order as the one which occurred Monday evening, January

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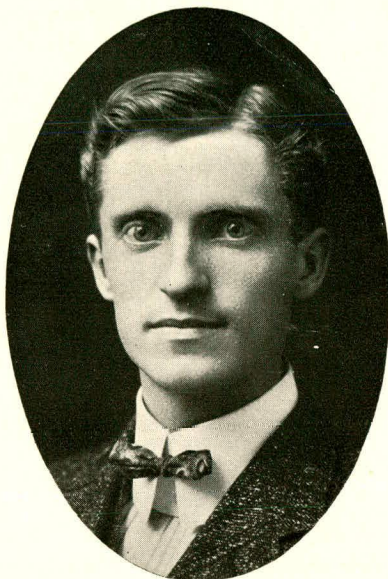
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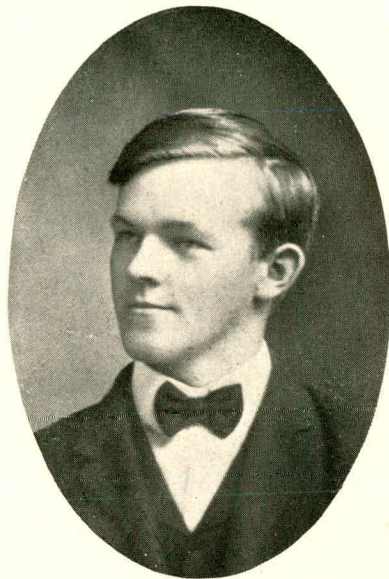
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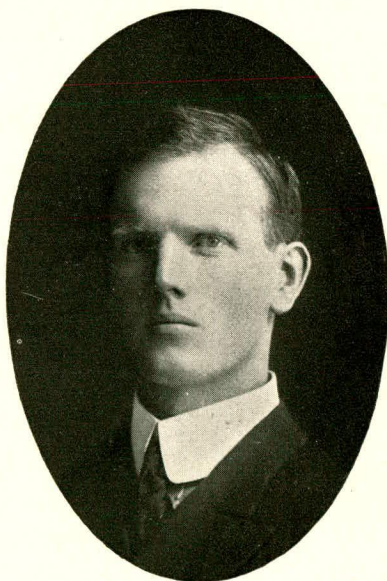
*Philomathean Debating Team.*



ARTHUR L. MARSH



MARK FREEMAN



WILLARD B. ANDERSON

14th, when the Philos and H. C. S. met in joint debate. The chapel was crowded with an eager throng of fellow students and interested visitors, and all pronounced the evening one of keen delight and profit. Both teams had spent weeks in research and study. No pains had been spared on either side to make the debate a success, and the careful and thorough preparation was clearly manifest in each speaker. Each side realized that they were to meet adversaries worthy of their best efforts and consequently threw themselves heart and soul into this work.

Mr. A. L. Marsh opened the debate, defining the question and outlining the course of the affirmative in a clear, concise and telling manner.

Mr. Mark Freeman went at once to the heart of the subject. His unique manner of presentation and unusual but striking illustrations drove fact after fact home to the minds of his hearers. The consensus of opinion is that he will prove a strong man on the college team. Mr. W. B. Anderson, our third representative, completed the development of the affirmative's arguments. He had an abundance of facts at his command, for each of which he easily and readily cited his authority, clinching each point as he made it. His perfect self-possession, his knowledge and grasp of the subject, and his clear and logical method of presentation were characteristic features of his address. Mr. Marsh summed up the arguments in a brilliant speech. He marshaled an array of facts that of themselves were

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enough to tip the balance in favor of the affirmative even if they had not been presented in so admirable and masterful a manner. We were not surprised when he was awarded a merited and well-earned place on the college team. Those who so kindly acted as judges were Supt. Yoder, of the Tacoma public schools; Judge Chapman, of the superior court, and Rev. Shenk, D. D., pastor of Epworth M. E. church.

The different societies occupied special sections of the chapel, and from first one, then the other, came the society yells and songs. On the Philo side banners, pennants and mottoes were in evidence, and a handsome bouquet of carnations, the society flower, lent a graceful and finished touch to the decorations. The event will long be remembered as one of the red-letter days of our college life.

The regular society work of the month shows a steady advance in excellence, as it has done throughout the year. We believe in progress and development. Programs have been of a high order, and those in process of making we do not hesitate to say will be of a still higher grade. A Washington's Birthday program for February 22nd will be a leading feature of this month's work.

Misses Hope Fuller, Faerie Warren and Elsie Larson have lately been welcomed to our ranks, and more new members are soon to be received. We feel that the future, both near and remote, has great success in store for the Lovers of Learning.

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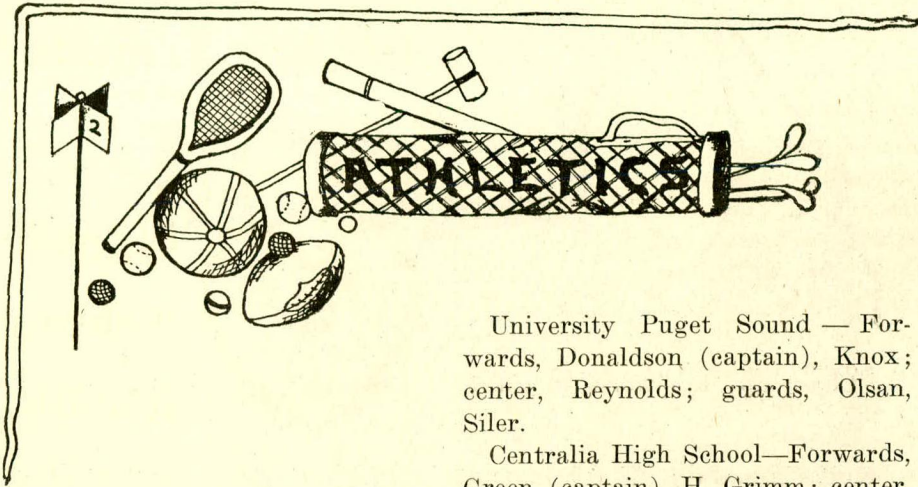
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### BASKET BALL.

The first boys' team has played three more games. On January 25 the University of Puget Sound team defeated Vashon in the latter's gymnasium by the score of 33 to 16. Crockett took Nicol's place as forward and played a star game. After the game an interesting program was given in Vashon's auditorium by Prof. Knox and the U. P. S. Quartette. The evening was much enjoyed by all.

On Monday, February 4th, the first team took a trip to Centralia, where that evening they met the Centralia High School team and were defeated by the score of 30 to 28. As the opposing team is doubtless one of the best in the state we consider this to be a splendid showing. In the latter part of the game Donaldson broke his thumb, but finished the game, and even assisted in evening the score after this accident happened. The line-up:

University Puget Sound — Forwards, Donaldson (captain), Knox; center, Reynolds; guards, Olsan, Siler.

Centralia High School—Forwards, Green (captain), H. Grimm; center, W. Grimm; guards, Ward, Turner.

On Tuesday, February 5th, the first team met the Winlock Athletic Club in the latter's gymnasium. Although our team was greatly weakened by the absence of Donaldson still we were only defeated by the score of 19 to 12. The line-up:

University Puget Sound — Forwards, Knox, Flanders; center, Reynolds; guards, Olsan, Siler.

Winlock Athletic Club—Forwards, Hollingsworth (captain), Wall; center, C. Harkins; guards, Harkins, Shives.

On February 8th a fast game was played on the home court with Vashon College. Although considerably weakened by the loss of Capt. Donaldson the team played ball of the usual fast type. Flanders and Knox at forward each have been playing star ball and have demonstrated the fact that the University of Puget Sound is not entirely dependent upon one or two men to win the victories.





# LOCALS

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McP. (in Latin): "That book must be alright."

Student: "Why?"

McP.: "Because it agrees with me."

Prof. J.: "I can remember what happened in Washington's time, but not two or three years ago."

Prof. (in Ancient History): "Alexander accomplished all his great feats before he died."

Miss Haering: "I'm going to be a Y. M. C. A. girl."

Prof.: "What was the important issue of the presidential campaign of 1840?"

Miss R.: "Hard cider."

Martha Snell: "Why, I wouldn't spoon with a girl."

Ask Mr. Reynolds where Elijah comes in the list of Prophets.

Miss Snell: "I like to see a man show his affection."

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**Central News Co.**

Prof.: "How were the popes elected?"

Mr. Crockett: "They were hereditary."

Local Editor: "Isn't this verse too soft for the Maroon?"

Miss McG. V. P.: "No, that's all right; put it in."

He said as he looked in her eyes of blue,

"Give me a kiss, my darling, do."

"I won't," she said, "you lazy elf, Screw up your lips and help yourself."

Dorm. Girl: "Now that the faculty's come to board at the dormitory we can't throw doughnuts any more."

How fitting the words we sang in chapel on the morning of final exams.: "Tho the storm in its fury break today, crushing hopes that we cherished so dear," etc.

Prof. McP.: "Paul went to Rome at the time the Roman State was in the state it was just then."

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Miss St— (confidentially): "Say, I've just got a fine chance."

Mr. Anderson (before the Vashon excursion): "I don't go on such occasions as this to discuss philosophy."

"It's warm the farther down you go," said the Shakespeare class as they migrated to the basement one cold morning.

Miss McG. (disconsolately): "All the boys in the dormitory are sick; Mr. Anderson's got the grippe."

Dr. W.: "I have an overcoat in the office, which any one of you may have, or any two of you, for that matter."

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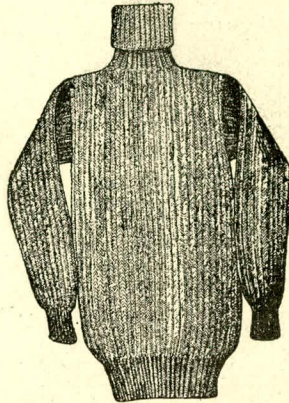
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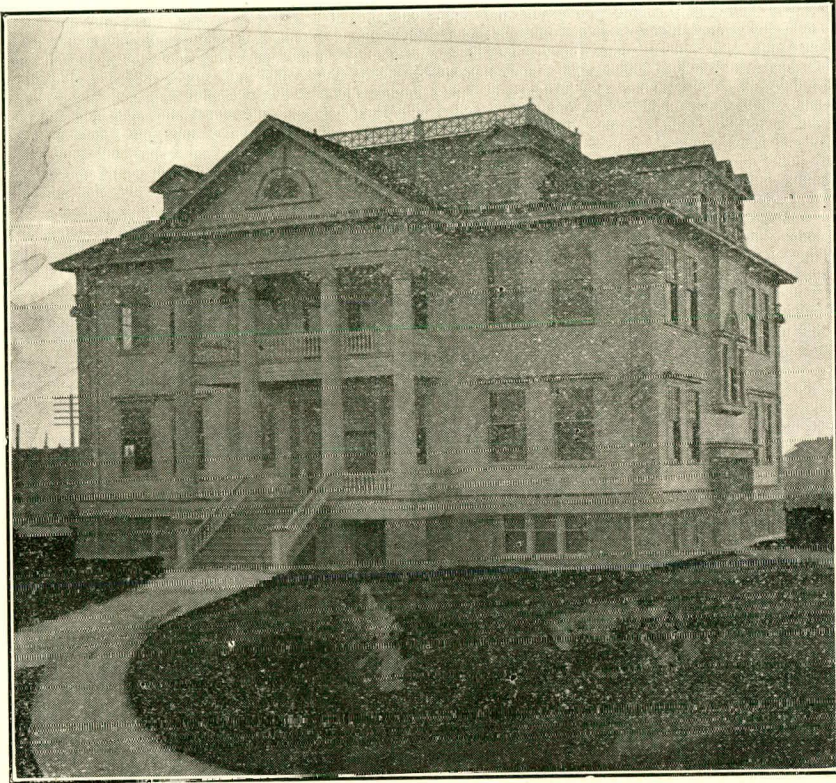
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